

shut the door in their faces, and said he would speak no more. The excitement became greater and greater, until the hall was completely blocked up. The doors were not opened until a quarter of twelve o'clock. Then the reporters were admitted.

"The members of the Board are leaving—the meeting had just been adjourned,"—said Mr. Clinton.

As soon as Mr. Clinton spoke, the door was closed.

Mr. Clinton's voice was heard at the door. The voice of Mr. Clinton was heard in stentorian tones, and a sharp "Adaman come, James Irving, Prichard, come!" the Alderman cried. James Irving, the reporter, went to the door. "Hold on, Jim," said Alderman Pinchot, "don't get yourself into trouble."

A FIGHT.

There was a scuffle between the doorkeeper and Mr. Clinton. Mr. Clinton was the stronger of the two, and after a severe struggle the door was burst open. All the officers of the Common Council followed the doorkeeper. They tried to shut the door, but they could not. Mr. Clinton and some of his officers, evidently determined to use force, held the door open, and after a severe struggle the doorkeeper and his assistants abandoned all hope of closing the door. The crowd eagerly peered in through the hole. The Mayor already peered in through the hole. The Mayor, and some of the officers, who was accompanied by Col. John C. Cochrane, Gen. Greeley, and Martin went out, and soon returned with a little man in elegant gray clothes, who was accompanied by Col. John C. Cochrane. "The Mayor," cried one of the officers, and there was profound silence.

The motion was adopted, and Louis Jacobs was appointed temporary Sergeant-at-arms. Mr. Buffet was appointed temporary Clerk of the Board.

#### THE EXCEPTION OF THE MAYOR.

Gen. Cochrane (speaking in his slow, emphatic, decided manner, like a General giving orders to his Adjutants)—I move you, sir, that a committee of three be appointed to wait upon the Mayor and inform him of our organization, and that we are ready to entertain his personal presence.

Gen. Cochrane, Greeley, and Martin went out, and soon returned with a little man in elegant gray clothes, who was accompanied by Col. John C. Cochrane. "The Mayor," cried one of the officers, and there was profound silence.

Mr. Lawrence however was not given an opportunity to speak, remaining silent, and he left the room with his friends.

The Mayor made him a profound bow.

The Mayor (oughing violently and looking quite pale, as if something had very much annoyed him) Mr. President, if you will allow me but a few words. I come to the office of the Mayor of the city of New York at the hour of noon, prepared to obey the writ of prohibition which was served on me last Saturday, because it was issued, and I am bound to obey it, and will, because of the purpose of serving all legal doubt, and for the purpose of performing a pledge which I have long gone into, of appearing the old Board of Aldermen and Assistant Aldermen. Yesterday Judge Brady granted the following order:

On motion of A. Lawrence, Gen. Greeley, and Mr. Clinton, counsel for the relator Peter G. Hinckley, to whom the writ of prohibition was issued under the seal of this Court, directed to Lawrence R. Jerome, William H. Christie, Edward Cudde, John G. Dwyer, Emanuel H. Bell, James J. Jones, George K. Keeler, and Mitchell Bernard O'Neill, Brian Healy, Edward Schleifer, Edward Welch, and John Wootton, commanding them, to appear before the court on the 1st instant, at 10 o'clock, or as soon as may be convenient, and, assuming to exercise any of the powers, duties, privilages, and prerogatives appertaining to the office of Alderman or of Assistant Alderman, to act as members of the Board of Aldermen of the city of New York, for the first Monday of January, 1872, at noon, or from time to time as may be required, to act as members of the Board of Aldermen of the city of New York, for the year 1872. (Signed.)

JONATHAN R. BRADY.

The New Board of Aldermen assumed. "Shut the door," cried James Irving, going near the door and shutting half a dozen calls.

Alderman Conant—Gentlemen, you have heard the motion of Adaman Wollman. What is your pleasure?

The doorkeeper again tried to push Mr. Clinton out, but he said, "Wait a moment."

Mr. Clinton (at the top of my voice)—I have to serve as Alderman for some of this day. This is also for you receiving any appointment as Alderman from me."

"Shut the door," bellowed James Irving. "D—n can't see the door!"

Coran—All these in favor of the motion will please say—Are. Carried. This Board for 1872 is adjourned sine die.

Another uproar at the door and another tussle between Mr. Clinton and the doorkeeper.

"I demand audience for the person who has the writ issuing out of the supreme Court."

Mr. Clinton's voice was heard again.

"I give you the service of the process of the Eighth Circuit Court, you will please come to order."

Alderman Conant—Gentlemen, you will please come to order. The new Board of Aldermen for the year 1872 will please come to order."

"Order, order," shouted the Aldermen.

James Irving—D—n it, why don't you shut the door?

Mr. Clinton (pausing after every word so as to make it effective)—You are liable to be published for that.

CONSTITUTION OF THE SUPREME COURT.

"Order, order," shouted the Aldermen.

"Police," cried the doorkeeper; "I can't keep them out."

Mr. Clinton (still trying to force the door)—I have a right to be published for contempt of Court.

Mr. Clinton's voice was heard again.

"I give you the service of the process of the Eighth Circuit Court, you will please come to order."

Alderman Conant—Gentlemen, you will please come to order. The new Board of Aldermen for the year 1872 will please come to order."

"Order, order," shouted the Aldermen.

James Irving—D—n it, why don't you shut the door?

Mr. Clinton (pausing after every word so as to make it effective)—You are liable to be published for that.

CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW BOARD.

Mr. Clinton was crossing the Park from Broadway, at noon. On reaching his office he announced his intention of disobeying the writ of prohibition and recognizing the old Board. The Mayor directed his clerks, Col. John, to prepare a statement of his reasons for taking that step, and to read it at the next meeting.

Mr. Hall (evidently accommodating)—I will appoint the committee that I think the Supervisor deserves them to be appointed.

After the Mayor had again withdrawn, the Board of Aldermen continued its meeting.

At the end of the hour, the Board of Aldermen adjourned.

The doorkeeper panted. Mr. Clinton back—What's the master with you? he said, in a tone of despair.

No one in the room paid any notice to what was going on at the door.

THE OLD ALDERMEN WARNED.

"You are all liable to be punished for contempt of Court," said Mr. Clinton from the door.

Pinxit—I move that Alderman Wollman be elected temporary chairman. Adopted.

Mr. Clinton—Lame in, I say.

Doorkeeper—I won't. I'm only obeying orders.

Alderman Wollman took the chair, and a dozen men were proposed as permanent chairmen.

Wollman—Alderman Conant is elected Chairman of the Board of Aldermen for the year 1872.

Mr. Clinton (noticing nothing)—You had better do what I told you.

Mr. Clinton—The doorkeeper.

"I want your name," he said to the doorkeeper.

James Irving—D—n it! what's the master? Pinxit them out!

Doorkeeper—You can't come in; none of you can come in.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE.

Mr. Clinton (to the police officer who had arrived)—How do you do? I call you for assistance.

Alderman Conant—Gentlemen, I sincerely thank you for your renewed confidence you have shown in me. I will try.

His voice was drowned by Mr. Clinton's shout.

"I want your name," he said to the doorkeeper.

James Irving—D—n it! what's the master? Pinxit them out!

Doorkeeper—You can't have my name.

Mr. Clinton—I have a right to your name. You will be arrested for contempt of Court. After 12 o'clock—one minute after 12 o'clock—the whole Board can be arrested for contempt of Court.

It is now twelve minutes after twelve.

Conant—Gentlemen, it is moved and seconded that the new Board of Aldermen adjourn until one o'clock.

Clinton (to one of his men)—Be good enough to tell the gentlemen of the new Board in the Gaynor room that this room is ready for them.

The man ran away quickly, and returned soon with Mr. Vance, Gen. Cochrane, and all the Reformers.

Mr. Roots (to the doorkeeper)—You will have to let us in.

Alderman Conant—Adjourned.

Hardly had the word been uttered when

THE REFORMERS FORCED INTO THE ROOM.

and with a few minutes, Capt. Thorne, with twenty-five officers, rushed in too, to preserve order.

Mr. Andrew Shields, the plucky clerk of Mr. Clinton, now for about sixteen years. He sprang at every Alderman and pushed the writ into his face. Some of them ran away, and they can scarce round the room he could serve the writ.

"Joe got them all, but James Irving," he said approaching the famous politician, who at once passed him aside.

"You had to take the writ," said Mr. Shields.

"You (sooth)!" said Irving, striking him on the hand.

Mr. Clinton (to Mr. Conant)—You have assumed a fearful responsibility.

Conant—D—n the responsibility.

Mr. Clinton—Well, sir, I'll see if you will advise them again. You know it already at 12 o'clock, so the rest of us will be arrested.

The rest of the officers, who had been waiting outside, came in, and the Board was then recognized.

The resolutions were adopted amid great excitement, and the Board then recognized.

THOMAS CONAN AS ACTING MAYOR.

Meantime the conversation between the Aldermen met in their chamber. The seven newly elected members were there, and chattered with the others. Assistant Alderman Galvin rustled up to the Clerk, who was reading a paper to the Board, and instructed Richard O'Gorman, Charles O'Connor, and Harry J. Hall, to draft articles of impeachment.

The resolutions were adopted amid great excitement, and the Board then recognized.

THE OLD ALDERMEN ASKING FOR AN APPOINTMENT.

After the excitement caused by the resolutions had subsided, the old Board of Aldermen rushed into the chamber. They were preceded by the Hon. Abraham L. Livermore, who was carrying a paper in his hand.

"The doorkeeper refused to allow him within the enclosure reserved for members. A whisper was raised.—"Let's have a look at him," said Mr. Vance.

Irving—You (sooth) don't want to see Mr. Irving.

Irving—D—n it! I thought I might take my hands out of my pockets. Whoever says to is (shouting out) hard.

PUT A HEAD ON HIM.

Irving—You (sooth) must have been mistaken. I tell you dear sir, I didn't take my hands out of my pockets.

Irving—You (sooth) did you strike this young man?

Irving—You (sooth) I thought you would be the best.

Irving—You (sooth) you would be the best.